

## THE DEACON'S JARGON.

Christmas—How Old and How Celebrated in the Days of Washington.

The Throngs of People Who Swarmed Sedalia and the Balmly Weather.

Christmas again. Christmas is older than the United States.

Santa Claus is the patron saint of all little children, and he too, is old—why he is older than our venerable citizen D. D. Fear.

Santa is called Kris Krinkle, sometimes, by a new reporter who wants to get in many new and obsolete words. But I call him plain Old Santa Claus, for that sounds the best and most home-like.

The girls, the big ones I mean, are more glad when Christmas comes than the little ones, but they don't "let on," because they expect a present from their best fellow of a solitaire or a seal skin.

The girls, what are they doing? Why such work as is going on with all of em.

Embroidered slippers.

Reader, did you ever wear a pair of them?

If you did you are a martyr.

The things!

I had a pair of them given me one Christmas in Lewis county New York, fifty-five years ago, about the time my mustache was in its infant days.

Embroidered slippers.

I had four corns, three bunions and five in-growing nails from wearing those slippers.

But I wore them.

Would have worn them till this time had she not married another.

The big girls delight in hanging up their great long stockings, that are held up so nicely by a pair of the fancy garters that Will Cloney has such a big stock of.

The children are satisfied with a little candy and trifles as remembrances from Santa Claus, but the bigger they get, the more it takes to satisfy them.

I wish the girls would not get so old.

Santa Claus came over from Germany several years before John W. Houx, Chris Hye and Adam Fischer did, but just how or when he did come my almanac don't tell.

The first of his introduction into good society was when Martha Washington hung up her stockings for the "Father of his country," to deposit something.

She was satisfied with anything that George would put in them.

Different now.

Wives whose husbands are no better off than George, demand a brown stone front, a parlor grand piano or a block of stock in the Georgetown Turnpike company.

The fireside was all aglow at the Mount Vernon residence on Christmas day. Good old fashioned Virginia hospitality was dispensed, with Martha handling the toddy stick and pouring in liberal portions of O. F. C. Taylor that was so good that it would make hair grow on the bottom of a skillet.

Martha and one industrious old coon kept four fires burning in the house all day Christmas, not knowing when George would lounge down and go to sleep when he got tired.

All the wood they had was about a cord and a half.

She did not exhibit much economy in that.

But the yule log burned brighter on the old Virginia hearth and the boar's head, with an apple in his mouth, set off with rosemary and plum pudding was a part of the menu at Mount Vernon, the time Santa Claus commenced associating with the aristocracy.

"Did you ever see a balmier Christmas since the nigger was burned before the war?"

"No, I never!"

And they walked toward the union depot as fast as they could go to catch the Lexington branch train.

Great crowd in Sedalia Saturday before Christmas. They come to town heavily loaded with plethora pocket-books and returned weighed down with all kinds of plunder from a pair of earrings to a set of hard oak chairs.

Never since Sedalia has had a name

has such a crowd been here on or about Christmas.

The streets bear the appearance of circus day, or like that a democratic rally was in full blossom.

The shopkeepers never had their stocks so effectually raided since Jeff Thompson made Mat Offield and Theo. Shelton hold up their hands in 1864.

The trains were loaded with people. The people were loaded with bundles, packages, etc.

Santa Claus was among them *inocog* and it is rumored that he left the city on the branch train.

George Gregg, Esq., a prominent citizen from the neighborhood of Houstonia, was about the biggest man that had come to Sedalia to hunt Christmas. George went home well satisfied and the probabilities are that he will hang up his sock Sunday night.

Parson Anderson, from Houstonia, was a passenger in Saturday. He came to see that none of his flock committed any acts of indiscretion.

The indiscretion did not materialize.

Everything was favorable for a big crowd Saturday.

The weather was balmly. The roads to the country good, dry and smooth.

Everything seemed greased for the occasion, except the scarcity of money.

But Santa is an economical old cuss and buys for the kids just like a deacon buys firewood for the church, an eye to the needs, necessities and comfort.

Frank Walker, attorney general of Missouri, came in on the evening train, *en route* to Fayette to celebrate Christmas. He was accompanied by his two motherless children.

Kaiser's new restaurant fed more people Saturday than all the other hostilities and restaurants put together. All kinds of appetites walked into his place keen for something to eat, and they were abund-

antly satisfied. Here is the picture of one from the vicinity of Hughesville who eat so much turkey and turkey fixin's that he was in great pain. He was loud in the praise of Kaiser and only regretted that he ate that last dozen of oyster patties put before him.

The turkey trade at the grocery stores has been the greatest ever known.

The people will have the great American bird, even if the banks are restricting the flow of the currency.

The people of Lafayette county who have been in the habit of coming to Sedalia to do their Christmas shopping, did not come in 1893.

They run off to Kansas City to get "done up" in the most approved style, and possibly suffer by some fellow abducting a few of their kids who are candidates for the patronage of Santa Claus.

The turkey trade has been immense—unprecedented. Hicks disposed of 150, Sedalia Grocery company 65 and P. Brandt Grocery company 59 and could have sold many more if they had them.

So eat turkey and be happy. I wish all a merry Christmas.

SIMEON DINWIDDIE, Deacon.

A Distinguished Arrival.

Professor B. F. Hoffman, instructor in modern languages at the Louisiana State university at Baton Rouge, arrived in Sedalia yesterday and is the guest of his brothers, Attorney Louis Hoffman and Mr. Charles Hoffman.

The professor will be married next Wednesday at Dekalb, Mo., the fair bride being Miss Ida Walling, an accomplished young lady of that city.

The ceremony will take place at the Baptist church at 6:30 o'clock, p. m., and the bridal couple will at once return to Sedalia for a brief visit.

Mrs. Porter's Christmas Tree.

Mrs. John C. Porter, the popular wife of Sheriff Porter, entertained quite a company of her little friends at her home on Lamine street last night. The broad reaching branches of an illuminated Christmas tree bent under the weight of many pretty presents and tempting toys. The little people were delighted with the entertainment afforded them.

A Clever Story.

Bessie Bailey Cook, wife of George A. Cook, the well known printer and writer, has an exceedingly clever and entertaining story—"Lizzie's Christmas Gift"—in the December number of *The Sedalia*. Mrs. Cook is among the most promising literary women of Missouri.

## CLIMBING POPO.

The Experiences of Sedalians On the Summit—A Famous Volcano.

Vivid Descriptions of the Thrilling Ascent and the Picturesque Scenery.

## CLIMBING "POPO."

One of the first desires that takes possession of Americans after arriving in Mexico is to climb "Old Popo," or Mt. Popocatepetl, the "Smoking Mountain," whose snow-capped crest can easily be seen on a clear day from the towers of the cathedral, the Castle of Chapultepec, or any other elevated point, guarding.

## SO TRADITION RUNS.

Ixtaccihuatl "The Woman in White." November 1 and 2 being two of many "feast days" or holidays of Mexico, a party of eight, two of them former Sedalians, D. R. Williams and the writer, decided to take this opportunity for gratifying a long cherished desire, and commenced making preparations for the ascent of this volcanic pile.

## WHAT IS NEEDED.

The articles needed for such a trip are a couple of suits of underwear, two suits of clothes, blankets, an overcoat, ear muffs, a muffler, blue goggles to prevent the glare produced by the sun on the snow from hurting the eyes, a veil for protection against the hard, icy particles that are driven down the slopes of the mountain by the wind, and a straw hat or "sombrero de paja," to be worn from Amecameca to the cabin where the night is spent previous to the final climb, and return, which may afterwards be given to the guides or kept as a memento.

## "WHITE HEAD."

as Mt. Popocatepetl is sometimes called, is distant from Mexico City about 60 miles, and three days are generally necessary to make the trip, one going from Mexico to the cabin, another climbing the mountain and returned to the cabin or to Amecameca, as the case may be, and the third returning to Mexico. We caught the 8:30 train on the morning of the 1st, arriving at Amecameca, a beautiful little villa at the foot of the famous "Sacre Monte" or "Sacred Mountain," at 11:30. After drawing lots for horses, taking dinner, drinking "pulque" and making other preparations, which among others included the purchasing of some stockings to be used as mittens for some of the party who erroneously supposed they could obtain the latter article in the village, we set out on horseback for the mountains, a distance of fifteen miles.

## WILD AND PICTURESQUE.

The entire distance from Amecameca to the mountain is a gradual ascent, and at times it was necessary to dismount and walk owing to the steepness of some of the activities. Our serpentine path led us through ever varying scenery, wild and picturesque at all times and often quite startling. At each turn some new panorama of wild gorges, deep canons, rushing mountain torrent, huge piles of volcanic rock and lava, or an occasional glimpse of the valleys far below, would burst upon the vision, impressing all with the idea of its awful grandeur and magnificence.

Our progress, ever upward, through an atmosphere constantly increasing in rarity and at times through vast beds of ashes, grim reminders of the force of earlier eruptions, was necessarily slow and the cabin was not reached until late in the evening.

On leaving the village we had thrown our coats aside on account of the warmth of the mid-day sun, but long before reaching our destination, we put them on again, for, on arriving at an elevation of 12,000 or 13,000 feet, the cold could be keenly felt, and one or two of the party declared that they found overcoats quite a comfortable addition.

## FREEZING TEMPERATURE.

The wonderful transition in less than twenty-four hours from the warm balmly air, filled with fragrance by the many gardens of the valley of Mexico, to the cold, freezing temperature encountered at an elevation of 14,000 feet above sea level is decidedly noticeable, but was hailed with delight by those of the crowd who had been in Mexico a year or more and who had become tired of its monotonous climate and perpetual sameness.

After eating supper by the light of our flickering camp fire, reviewing impressions received during the day, surmising as to what was in store for us on the morrow, and carving our names, school-boy fashion on the coarse, pine boards of which the cabin was constructed, we retired for the night, thinking that after our hard day's ride we would enjoy a fine night's rest, which would place us in good condition for the coming ordeal. We soon discovered,

however, that this was an absolute impossibility. The hut itself was a rude, dilapidated affair, full of cracks and holes, through which the smoke was supposed to vent itself, for there was no chimney, and through which the

## WIND WHISTLED

and howled in mockery at our efforts. In addition to this, the prowling coyotes, the garrulous guides, the smoke in our eyes and the difficulty in respiration at such a high altitude kept us awake until 3 o'clock in the morning, when we commenced final preparations for the ascent. After a hasty breakfast, the guides put on the finishing touches by taking off our shoes, wrapping our feet in heavy cloth, and then putting on sandals in lieu of shoes, as they make a warmer covering and a safer footing. As we desired to make the trip in two days and thus establish a precedent, we left at 4:15 riding blindly in the dark, following our guides, Indian fashion one behind the other, along yawning chasms, through dense pine forests and sandy wastes as well as heavy deposits of ashes, for an hour, with the bitter, cold and cutting wind striking us full in the face, until we reached "Las Cruces" or the Crosses, which consists of two large crosses securely fastened to an immense rock, at the commencement of the snow line, where we dismounted. After a final lashing on of sandals and being supplied with pikes pointed with iron, we began to climb over snow and ice.

## TOO LITTLE WIND.

The principal difficulty was in maintaining our footing and keeping up respiration, for the exercise in addition to the rarity of the air rendered it exceedingly difficult to breathe, and before one-fourth of the ascent had been made, one of the party gave up, and when one-third of the ground had been covered, another dropped out. The remaining six, however, clambered on up that broad expanse of snow and ice, apparently never ending, and which stretched upward above us far beyond the clouds.

When about one-half the distance had been covered, the first rays of the rising sun could be seen over the hazy summit of Mt. Orizaba to the east. As we were suffering considerably from cold, Old Sol was hailed with a unanimous howl of delight, and the party inspired with new energy pushed onward and at last, at half past nine we reached the summit, 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, and beheld in all its awfulness the object of our toils and labors, the smoking crater of the highest peak on the North American continent.

The scene before us was one of magnificent grandeur. Far off in the distance, to the northwest lay the historic Valley of Anahuac where could be dimly discerned amid encircling lakes, the capital of the Republic, and the early home of the Aztecs and Toltecs of old; to the east, the towering peak of Orizaba rose majestically above a sea of tossing fleecy clouds, rolling and tumbling half way down its gleaming slope; closer at hand Ixtaccihuatl, the sleeping sister of the "Smoking Mountain," apparently scarce a step across, lay clothed like a veritable corpse, in the perpetual shroud of white which covers her mighty form.

## THE CRATER.

As we descended into the crater, an over-whelming sense of its vastness fell upon all. It is about two and one-half miles in circumference and about one-fourth of a mile in depth. From numerous crevices sulphurous smoke and steam is constantly pouring forth and is a forcible reminder of the unseen and sleeping power behind it. While we were standing there a huge boulder became loosened by the melting snow and ice and fell crashing to the bottom of the pit, detaching in its fall many smaller rocks, which, echoing and re-echoing through all the recesses of that monster pile of earth, sounding like the reports of hundreds of cannons, together with the almost suffocating smell of sulphur and the steam and vapor arising from the blue lake below, gave one a fair idea of the awfulness of those volcanic bursts of past ages.

After taking some "kodaks," and a last look at the surrounding scenery, we began the descent.

## A "PETATE."

This was performed on a kind of sledge called "petate" each of which carried two persons, a guide and one of the travelers, on which we were whisked down the mountain at a lively rate. Here happened our first accident. The guide and the writer, who occupied the first sled, were sailing along at a rapid rate of speed down the mountain side, when the guide accidentally caught his foot in a projecting piece of ice crust, which swerved the sled to one side throwing out the guide and his cargo. The guide stopped himself immediately with his pike, probably having had the same experience before, but the rest of the freight went

coasting down the mountain, now turning somersaults and now rolling, bounding into the air and landing on the hard ice crust with great alacrity. Twenty-five yards of this mode of navigation had been traversed when the freight referred to "came to" and plunged his pike into the slippery mountain slope. The pike stuck and the freight stuck but the writer was not at all "stuck" on that particular style of annihilating space and proceeded to descend the remainder of the mountain like a christian, one foot before the other.

## A BURRO ACCIDENT.

The entire party reached the hut at twelve o'clock and after disposing of a hasty dinner, left for Amecameca at 1 o'clock. The only other accident of the trip happened on the return, when one of the party, who was the proud possessor of a burro and who was in unusually good spirits, gave the burro a punch with his pike, which immediately resulted in his landing in some stunted pine growth near by. He was not hurt for he had not far to fall, the animal not being much larger than a big dog, but he did not repeat the experiment.

We proceeded without further accident to Amecameca, where we caught the evening train for Mexico, arriving there the same day, having accomplished the entire journey in two days, with some very red noses and some badly burned faces, it is true, and with weary limbs, but with minds at peace with all mankind, for ambitions treasured since boyhood when gazing admiringly at the same Popocatepetl vividly pictured with flames and smoke in our geographies, had at last been realized, and we were the possessors of a rich experience and knowledge which money could not buy. "Viva Popo!"

## The Crusade.

Twenty years ago the ladies at a little inland town in Ohio were pestered with their husbands, brothers and sons taking too much booze at the village saloon.

Red rain was dealt out in such quantities over the bar that it made the Christian women rise up in their might.

A band of them went to the saloon and held a prayer meeting within the sound of the jingling glasses and thus the crusade started and went over the entire country.

Missouri got a dose of it, but it did not have a seance in Sedalia but it was talked about here. In some other places it was the great fad.

Yesterday the ladies of the Ohio street Methodist church celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of the crusade by an all-day meeting at the church.

The ladies prayed, sang, had experience talks and at noon served a lunch.

God bless the ladies, crusade or no crusade.

## HE CANNOT LIVE.

An Accidental Explosion at McEnroe's Stone Quarry Friday Afternoon.

A quarryman named August Bird was so badly injured by an explosion at McEnroe's quarry near Georgetown Friday afternoon that the attending physicians say he cannot recover.

Bird was inserting a charge of dynamite into a hole which had been drilled into the rock, when in some manner the cartridge exploded.

The force was terrific, and large fragments of stone were scattered in every direction. Bird was struck in numerous places and fell insensible to the ground. His companions thought that he was instantly killed, but he was found to be breathing.

Dr. S. G. Crawford was summoned to attend him and after an examination concluded that Bird would die of his injuries. His right leg was shattered, his left arm broken at the elbow, his right eye blown from its socket, and there was terrible gashes on his forehead and the back of his head. The latter wound is thought to be sufficient to result in his death.

Drs. Crawford, Trader and Scales visited the patient yesterday for the purpose of performing a surgical operation, but found him unable to endure it and did not attempt it.

Bird is a resident of Georgetown and has a family there.

## Deed Filed.

A deed was filed for record in Recorder Pilkinton's office to-day as follows: Charles M. Polson to Malinda J. Ward, 17 acres of land in section 10, township 43, range 22; consideration \$800.

## Hit With a Tea Cup.

A big nigger from Georgetown tackled Arthur Suter yesterday afternoon on West Main street. The darkey threw a sugar bowl at the white man, but missed him. Suter then hurled a large tea cup at him and struck him in the head. Sugar, wool and blood flew about in a lively manner.

## A DARING EXPLOIT.

Seven Mounted Bandits Attack an M., K. & T. Passenger Train at Kelso.

William Milne, a Fireman, Has His Jaw and Tongue Shot Away.

A daring attempt was made to hold up and rob M., K. & T. passenger train No. 3 at Kelso, Indian Territory, at 5:30 Friday evening. This train left here the previous morning. It was in charge of Jack Truitt, conductor, George Lyons, engineer, and Wm. Melne, fireman, all residents of Parsons, Kansas.

Kelso is a small station in the Indian Territory, situated 206 miles south of Sedalia, and 47 miles south of Parsons.

There is no depot there, but simply a canvas covered concern which serves as such.

The train is due at Kelso at about 5:35 o'clock p. m. Shortly before this time a gang of seven heavily armed and mounted men entered the little town and began to intimidate all who showed any inclination to investigate the strange proceedings. The north switch was thrown open with the evident purpose of causing the engineer to bring his train to a stop when he saw that there was danger ahead.

As the train came in sight of the switch the engineer saw that it was open, and at once suspected the state of affairs. He took desperate chances and pulled the throttle wide open. The train shot into the open switch, passed over three others, and as if by a miracle passed onto the main line without accident. The lower switch had fortunately been overlooked by the train robbers, and was closed.

As the train entered the switch the robbers saw that they had been foiled, the engineer having failed to stop, and they at once opened a fusillade with their Winchester.

Fireman Milne was struck by a ball which passed entirely through his face, a part of his jaw being torn away. The train did not slacken its speed until Vinita was reached when conductor Truitt telegraphed the news to headquarters at Parsons. None of the passengers were hurt.

At Vinita, which is only five miles from the scene of the exploit, armed guards, as is customary, were taken on board.

The wounded fireman accompanied by his wife, was brought to Sedalia yesterday morning and was taken to the M., K. & T. hospital. His left jaw and two-thirds of his tongue were shot away, and he is unable to articulate a word.

Dr. Yancey thinks the ball that struck him was from a Winchester rifle.

Milne is 35 years old and has been in the employ of the company for seven years.

It is a strange fact that Engineer Lyons had a similar experience at Kelso once before, and this led him to act as he did on this occasion.

—McClellan's for Mirrors.

## Twenty Years Ago.

—Mrs. Harry Kirk disposed of her piano at lottery. Tickets \$2.50 each.

—Clinton celebrated two days before Christmas by having a \$50,000 fire.

—Mrs. Bettie Gentry presented THE BAZOO with a turkey for Christmas.

—Ed. Ritchie, a printer employed in THE BAZOO office, died of consumption.

—Dr. Sonneschein, the famous Jewish rabbi, lectured at the Congregational church.

—Singleton Morrison was made very happy by the arrival of a daughter at his house.

—Whitely's dramatic company played the week at Smith's Hall. Louie was the star.

—James Jeffries gave a grand ball at 82 Main street. Jim is dancing in another climate now.

—Twenty years ago Rev. J. M. Van Wagner preached a sermon the Sunday night following Christmas, about "What I Know of Sedalia." His text was:

"Watchman, what of the night?" He gave statistics of Sedalia and waded into wrong with his sleeves rolled up. He commended right in seven tones of voice.

There were thirteen saloons in Sedalia then and seven churches. Sedalia had no kite-shaped track then.

## Old Gabe is Dead.

"Old Gabe," the veteran fox hound belonging to Gog White, passed in his chaps Tuesday night. The cause of his death is unknown but poison is strongly suspected. In the death of "Gabe" the youthful coon hunters have suffered a great loss. The departed canine was planted the following day in catfish alley with impressive ceremonies. —Green Ridge News.